

Tunker A. M. of America. Then will be brought to pass the prophecy that "the law of the Lord will go forth from the Annual Meeting."

Speaking of Eld. Stover's show it strikes me as somewhat of an innovation. I do not think the old brethren would have approved it. It was exhibited recently at the old Valley meeting house in Botetourt Va., the church which was presided over by my honored father for fifty years, and by his predecessors, Elds. Peter Nead, Abram Crumpacker, Jacob Peters and others, since its foundation. I am reasonably sure that such a thing would not have been permitted under their administration. It would have been considered sacrilege.

Our dear Conservative brethren of the present type are getting quite peculiar. They think it is a dreadful sin in us, for instance, if we make a feast and call to it "the poor, the maimed, the halt and blind" but they consider it quite proper to get up magic lantern shows for the edification and amusement of the saints, all for the support of the missionary cause and the glory of God. After all it largely depends on "whose ox is gored" as to our opinion of things. It strikes me that unless the minutes of A. M. are accepted in the judgment as proof of our loyalty to God there will be lots of our history out of harmony with the eternal fitness of things.

One thing of which we are very sure and that is a vast amount of divine grace and mercy will be needed in behalf of us all to secure a place at God's right hand when that dreadful day comes. May we be also ready when the watchman calls.

#### TRIP TO EUROPE—No. 8

J. M. TOMBAUGH

In my last letter I spoke of the narrow, crooked streets in the old part of the city of Edinburgh; and for fear that some one may get the notion that I meant to say the whole city is a net-work of torturous alley ways and devious by-paths, reeking in filth and haunted by unsavory odors, I hasten to add that the description I gave applies only to the old city. New Edinburgh is as fair a town as one would wish to see. The streets are broad and well paved, and the buildings, both public and private, compare very favorably with those found in the best of American cities. The "sky scrappers" which so sadly disfigure some of our home cities, notably New York and Chicago, seem to find but little favor abroad. The tallest building in Edinburgh is thirteen stories high, and I think I did not see a building on the continent as high even as that.

In speaking of the monuments in and about the city of Edinburgh in my letter last week, I did not make mention of two somewhat famous ones which deserve at least a passing notice—the Scott monument in Princes Street, and the Lincoln monument in the old Colton burying ground. The

Lincoln monument was erected in 1893. The base is of granite and bears the figure of a freed slave who is looking lovingly upward toward a life-size bronze cast of the great President. Edinburgh people say that this is the first monument erected to Lincoln in Europe. I did not very much admire the Scott monument tho good judges of architectural excellence have spoken and written of it in the highest praise. It is two-hundred feet high and has an excess of projections and ornamental work. It looks somewhat like a church steeple, and it seemed to me too ornate for a monument.

On our way to Edinburgh from the north we crossed the Forth Bridge, but I did not get a very satisfactory view of it as it is seen best from the river below. It is a triumph of modern engineering skill, and was designed and constructed wholly by Scotchmen. It is a cantilever bridge and is something more than a mile in length. It is the highest bridge in the world, and when I say this I do so on the authority of the Scotch people themselves. I have some faint recollection of having seen somewhere else, "the highest bridge in the world," perhaps several different "highest" bridges. This one however appears to have a pretty fair claim to the distinction, for it is four hundred and fifty feet high, and the cost of it—seventeen million dollars—seems pretty high too. One other item about it seemed to me to be wonderful, and that was that fifty thousand tons of steel were used in its construction.

After Edinburgh, our next stopping place was Melrose. By this time the weather, which had been foul from the time we first entered Scotland, began to clear at last, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the Abbey in the sunshine, tho we could not see it as Scott said it should be seen, "by fair moonlight." However Scott himself never saw the Abbey by moon-light; as he had a throat affection which did not permit his being out of the house after night, and long after he had written of the charm which the moon beams lent to the ruins, he confessed that he had never seen it as he had described it. The Abbey, as everyone knows, is a ruin and a most interesting one too. Its charm is derived from two sources; first its own picturesqueness and the beauty and delicacy and artistic excellency of that part of the decorative work which still remains, and second, its antiquity and the interesting character of the relics which it contains. The building was wholly of stone and is now a complete ruin. The greater part of the arched and beautifully carved ceiling has fallen, but enough remains to show with what exquisite grace the old monks wrought upon this peerless building which was both church and home to them. Before it fell into decay it must have been a veritable dream of loveliness—a poem chiseled in stone. But now the summer's sun and rain, the pale moon-light and the snows of winter fall upon the very spot where once the high altar stood, and in spite of the marks of

beauty which still remain in the carved ceiling and the fluted columns, it is a desolate place. The chancel and the beautifully carved cloisters are of excellent workmanship, but the blighting touch of time is over it all, and one is conscious of a feeling of sorrow that such exquisite beauty could not have been preserved forever.

There are many tombs within the ruins, but I do not remember the names of any of the dead who lie here, only the heart of Robert the Bruce was buried under the altar, and the grave of another Scottish king—Alexander I think—is quite near where the altar stood. The Abbey is supposed to have been built or commenced, at about the beginning of the twelfth century by King David I, the same David who is supposed to have built Holyrood Abbey in Edinburgh. It was destroyed by Edward II of England and afterward restored by Robert Bruce. Since then it has evidently been changed, perhaps a number of times, and the last restoration sadly destroyed the symmetry of the grand arch over the door-way. We spent considerable time in the church yard adjoining, and obtained views of the Abbey from various places about the grounds. The village of Melrose is small and contains few objects of interest aside from the Abbey. We had an excellent dinner there however I remember—a roast leg of mutton served on an immense platter and placed before the guest who happened to occupy the head of the table. I do not know whether the custom is general in that part of Scotland or not, but it seemed to me to be an excellent one. There was no suggestion of a public hotel about it; we simply formed a private dinner party and Mr. M., my traveling companion, by virtue of his position at the head of the table, was for the time being, the host. We had never met the people who sat at the same table with us—two very agreeable ladies—but we simply had to assume that the hotel was the home of a mutual friend, that we had met there, and that it was our duty to make ourselves agreeable to each other. So Mr. M. carved for all of us and helped our plates, we talked together familiarly and to all appearances, it was a private dinner party. It seemed good to eat a meal that way; it was so home like. From Melrose we went by carriage to Abbotsford and spent a little time delightfully in the old home of the "Wizard of the North." And just in this connection I am reminded that we did not see Scott's grave among the many we saw in the old burying ground at Melrose; he is buried at Dryburgh Abbey which we did not visit. Scott's home contains a thousand interesting objects which had been collected by the great poet and romancer, but to attempt to name them would be like writing a catalog. The house is a veritable museum; the clothing worn by Scott, his tobacco pipes, Rob Roy's sword—or gun I forget which—pictures, books, vases, canes, pistols—in fact a heterogeneous collection of everything Sir